THE Polititian's Downfall; OR *POTAPSKI's* ARRIVAL AT THE NETHERLANDS:

And the Congratulation of the

Protestant Joyner

At their Meeting.

Flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo. Virg.

IS *Tapski* Dead? Why then the Statesman ly'd,
Who wou'd Immortal be and Deify'd.
Strange Pride! th' exalted Lucifer is hurl'd
By strong impulse of Fate from th' Belgic World.
The Burgomaster's baffl'd in's intent,
Descends from Watry t' a Fiery Element.
But stay! could his vast Soul retire from hence?
And quit the ruins of decayed sence,
Without some prodigy in Nature shown?
No swinging Thunderbolt from Heaven thrown?
No dismal Harbingers of Fate come down?
Sure Nature slept, when Fate did strike the blow;
No Earthquakes; no Convulsion-Fits below?
No Star or Fiery Comet in the Sky
To Usher in this Mans Mortality?
'Tis strange, that thus in Bed he took his Nap!
Could all the Putrid Excrements o' th' Tap
Support the hollow Cask no longer here?
Was't so infirm the Lees it could not bear?
Bless me! thus free from both th' extreams,
From *Tower-hill* Sledge and *Smithfield* Flames,
Serenely did he moulder into Dust,
And Monsieur *Ketch* he disappointed most.
His busie, active Soul (that long was pent
Within a Putrid, ill contrived Tenement)

Is quietly retir'd ; but clog'd with Sin,
And Treason, in *Elysium* can't get in.
Deny'd his rest thus in the Seat of Bliss,
He sinks below into the damn'd Abyss :
There he roves now, and restless, till he find
Some black mouth'd Villain suted to his mind.
Blest be his Fate! in a Dark Prison nigh,
Old *Tapski* does St. *Stephen* there espy.
What Salutations past the Devil can tell,
The loud report has circulated Hell,
Of this great Man's Arrival here to Dwell.
And here he shews State-Gambols and his Tricks,
(For Hell and *Holland* love both Politicks)
The Livery Men now meet with one intent
To Chuse this Feind-like *Tapski* President
The Carpenter transported laughs to see
His Patron brought in Hell to this degree.
He grins with his extorted ill-look't Face,
And makes now Devil-like a damn'd grimmace,
To see Old *Tapski* mounted in this Place.
Brave Fortune sure, and if it still run ever
Farewel our Saint, it will be Captain *Stephen*.
The new State-Puppet does now Act with care,
With damn'd Old wheedling Tricks grows Popular.
He at the Helm sits, says all things sure,
No dismal fear of Arbitrary Power.
Puff't and exalted thus he hates those near
Th' affections of his Master Lucifer.
His Soul is like as 'twas when pent in clay
Still forming black Designs for Anarchy,
To Stab Hells well compacted Monarchy.
He Swears by *Styx* and *Acheron* to see,
That Hell like *Holland* a republick be,
To this the discontented damn'd agree.
In order to't this Pest of every Nation,
Does sneakingly produce th' **Association.**
The damn'd themselves start at the bold Adventure,
Do there deny to Seal the Indenture.
He frets at this, yet Swears he'l use more Tricks,
He'l win 'em with his City Politicks.
He'l buz the Ignorant Rabble in the Ear,
And them with's Rhetorick possess with fear :
Tell 'em of Jesuits Plots and Plots forsouth,
All which these credulous Hell-hounds snap for truth.
He bawls that Property may be secur'd,
Without it all these Flames can't be endur'd.
Their stench says he will Vex us when comm'd,
We're doubly damn'd if once it be design'd,
That we should lose the Freedom of our mind.
The Fundamental Laws of Subjects gone,
When we can't range for satisfaction.

When

When Chain'd in Dungeons we are paſt relief,
Reſolv'd by ſtratagem I'le be Hell's Chief:
The Joyner with his Two Foot Rule draws near,
Shews his fine Raree-ſhow 'gainſt Lucifer.
To hear his Wit about him they do throng,
And in a Lord's Appartment there 'twas Sung.
The Joyner Swears he came to this intent,
To Square and Plain this Form of Government.
They all Applaud this Man, a Man of parts,
Well skill'd in State, as in Mechanick Arts.
Next him a Bull-fac't Lawyer here approaches,
And with extended Lungs the matter Broaches.
He there pleads high, makes tedious Speeches,
Which pleas'd the miſcreant Authors of the Breaches.
Old *Bradſhaw* with's Black Catalogue there ſtood,
Of Rebel Whelps bedaub'd with Monarch's Blood;
Tho twing'd with pains, tormented with deſpair,
Yet ſmile to ſee their Brother *Tapski* there.
Theſe *Quondam* Judges, Lawyers, Clerks combine
To alter Government, and the State refine,
To Purge the Court from Councellors that are Evil.
They're ſeeming kind to their Old Chief the Devil.
Thus *Tapski* well ſurrounded with his Friends
Republick Dæmons and ſtinking ſulphurous Feinds,
Slyly purſues his Intereſt and by ends.
At this the Helliſh Brood begin to frown,
They ſee this damn'd Committee're Factious grown,
Their Principles and Practices they diſown.
But *Tapski's* cunning, ſtill he laughs and leers,
No diſappointment in the matter fears.
Infernal Government his ſquint Eyes view,
But *Beelzebub* its Charter will renew,
Leſt *Tapski* look and find a flaw in't too.
Suſpicious Members of the lower Houſe,
By ſtrong reſolves the Statef-man inſpoſe
From bearing Office in their Black Cabal.
(Green-Ribbon Clubs are Epidemical.
Tapski degraded thus! What now remains,
What is the conſequence but Links and Chains?
A draught of liquid Brimſtone 'mongſt the Flames?
Strange fate! He's ſeiz'd and hurri'd off th' Stage,
And can't eſcape the Dæmon's Popular Rage.
Infernal Officers do rant and tear,
And drag him into Dungeons of deſpair,
'Mongſt Croaking Toads and Adders he's confin'd,
Which is but ſad diverſion to his mind;
Their diſmal noiſe can't dull the Feind aſleep,
They are but frightful comforts in the Deep.
Now *Tapski* racks his Brains for a releaſe,
And tries all methods which he thinks may Pleaſe.
He Flatters and Collogues in hopes to gain
Some Intervals of eaſe from lingring pain:
But ſtill his ſly attempts are all in vain.

Baffl'd by this his Kind, Perſwaſive way
He'll vindicate himſelf by force of Law;
The Helliſh Preſidents and Cuſtoms reads,
And *Bradſhaw* on his ſide profoundly pleads,
To have an *Habeas Corpus* this they gueſs,
Will *Tapski's* Wicked Grievances redreſs.
But Pox! the Learned Sophiſters of Hell
Theſe Artificial Cheats do know full well.
The things deny'd; caſt out, and in the ſence
Of Learned Men its deem'd an high offence.
Tapski a mild recanting Paper brings;
(He fawns ſtill after diſobliging Kings:)
His flatt'ring ſtile they joyntly do refuſe,
His Treaſonous Crimes admit of no excuſe.
He is impeach't, to Tryal he muſt come,
But *Tapski* hopes for to divert his doom.
If *Bethel's* Friends in lower Regions be,
He doubts not but the Law will ſet him free.
He'l laugh at Malice and Infernal Furies,
If there he finds his Ignoramus Juries.
And there's one pick't to *Tapski* well affected,
But they fail now, becauſe not well directed;
The *Pilkingtonian* Sneaking Trick's detected.
Laſt thus; Old *Tapski's* Tongue begins to faulter;
And tho by Knaves he hath ſcap't the Ax and Halter,
Yet now lies mute, dejected and forſaken,
And all the Accomplices of th' Treaſon taken.
In deepeſt Dungeons are theſe Traitors pent,
For thus conſpiring 'gainſt the Government.
A Fury Engines new and ſtrange provides,
To clapperclaw and thwack his Leach'rous ſides,
They're whip't with Rods well ſoak't in Devils Piſs:
(That's worſe then Mother *Creſwells* flogging is.)
They lowdly roar, and grunt like Hogs in Stye,
Have burning Sulph'rous Flames to drink when dry.
They feel the ſtrange variety of Evils
What's worſe, they're piſs't upon by Tiny Devils,
No *Habeas Corpus* can theſe Imps remove
From diſmal Bonefires or from burning Stove,
For ever muſt they be confin'd to Chains
No intermiſſion from their horrid pains.
Farewel Old *Tapski*, curſed at thy Birth,
Thou publick ſcorn of Hell, as well as Earth:
Farewel Old Treaſon, ſince the Traytor now
Is gone a Pilgrimage to Hell below.

Written by a Gentleman of Quality.

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